

The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

VOL. XXXV

JUNE, 1912

No. 6

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL—	
From the Editor's Desk - - - -	162
IN GENERAL—	
A Day with Miss Estabrook— <i>Clara M. Law</i> - -	165
On the Way Home - - - -	169
Two Calls, with a Difference— <i>Nellie S. Lockard</i> - -	171
FROM THE FIELD—	
Good News from India - - - -	173
The Santipore Mela— <i>Rev. Harold Frost</i> - -	175
Letter from Mrs. Hamlen - - - -	176
Mrs. Frost in "Mofussil" - - - -	178
TREASURER'S NOTES - - - -	179
Assistant Treasurer's Notes - - - -	180
HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS—	
Topics 1911-12 - - - -	183
Suggestive Program - - - -	183
THE HELPER BRANCH OF THE INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY - - - -	185
PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN LIVING—	
Our Quiet Hour - - - -	186
WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS— - - -	187
JUNIORS—	
How Three Girls Helped - - - -	188
CONTRIBUTIONS—	
Receipts for April, 1912 - - - -	192

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Many live lines converge at the Editor's desk, which is a sort of central office. Our workers, near and far, are calling us up, this beautiful morning. Having made the connection, let us listen to what they are telling us. *Personals*: The cheery voice of our Treasurer assures us that, after many days of rest by the sea, she is really improving in health, and is rejoicing over deep experiences which came in the midst of the trial time. Her assurance makes us all glad.... Just a word from Mrs. Metcalf and Mrs. Lightner of Storer College who are extremely busy in preparation for Commencement, but will later tell us something about the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, held in Washington, D. C., April 23-25, which they attended as representatives from the F. B. W. M. S. Mrs. Anne Dudley Bates says, from her home in Fabins, N. Y., "I am glad for my friends to know that I do not forget them and that I love them and pray for them." She has sent a beautiful message to the HELPER which will appear next month.... One of our national officers, Miss Harriet Deering, who has had a delightful visit with Hillsdale College friends, has come to her summer home at Ocean Park, and tells of many improvements on the campus—always one of the most beautiful of any we know, East or West. The loss to Michigan of Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Ford is the gain of Maine. We heartily congratulate the people, students and Missionary Society at Pittsfield.... The Superintendent of our Bureau of Missionary Intelligence, Mrs. Chapman, who visited the Sanctum in April, says that hardly twenty-four hours pass, after each issue of the HELPER, before orders come for literature mentioned in that number. Isn't that a strong point in favor of the missionary magazine? *Auxiliary Notes*: The chairman of the program committee of the Brockton, Mass., auxiliary, writes that literature received from the "Bureau" has borne fruit; that seven HELPERS are taken in place of two, and more are promised; that they are planning to become acquainted with our own mission field and missionaries, before going on to know more of missions in general.... Shortly before the sudden passing away of Mrs. M. C. Miner, Gardiner, Maine,—formerly missionary to India—she wrote to the state Secretary that she had organized a mission branch of their very helpful Ladies' Aid, that the mission committee would furnish interesting and suggestive literature for the meetings, and raise money by the aid of the mite-

box. Her closing words must be an inspiration to the members of the bereft society to carry on the work she had so hopefully begun: "Now with this small beginning we will hope to grow by persistent effort and the blessing of God on our work. I will present the HELPER soon and see how many we can put in the homes."The President of Easton, Me., auxiliary, says, "We organized in July, 1911, with five members, now have eleven and expect to grow. We have had a business and program meeting each month, and one public meeting in the church." This new society has taken a share in Miss Coombs' salary, and its HELPER agent wrote to the Editor for helps in getting subscribers to the magazine. Success to her efforts!The women of four denominations in Saco closed a very effective missionary campaign with a Jubilee Luncheon at the Congregational Parish House, May 10. Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder of Ocean Park, represented Free Baptists in the after dinner speeches, her subject being, "The Importance of Missionary Literature." Our Saco auxiliary has already over one hundred members....At the close of a very interesting meeting of the Biddeford auxiliary, "it was voted that a part of the money raised the coming year shall be used to assist Storer College, the MISSIONARY HELPER and the Sunshine Society, and that the society continue to support Harriet Maloon Meeds, the child in India named for the president's, Mrs. Small's, mother."Lewiston, Me., sends this message: "Our April meeting was held at the vestry, and the lesson for the evening was Chapter V, of "The Light of the World." A number of the young women were dressed in costumes representing China, Japan, Turkey and India. Four of them told of the religion of those countries as viewed by native Christians. Others sang duets, and after the program, still others served tea and cakes. About forty were present. A small table of curios was on exhibition....The Waterville auxiliary is studying our Bengal Field, taking it up station by station. "We had a *good* meeting on Balasore, recently," writes a member, and adds, "I have some new HELPER subscribers." This society has the advantage of having our Cradle Roll Secretary for a leader....From Maine to Texas is not far—in *spirit*. We are one great family, bound together by common interests. Mrs. Belle Hodges of Bruceville, Texas, sends this word of cheer, "The HELPER comes to my home like a ray of sunshine. I read every word and re-read, and then loan it to my neighbors, to be returned that others may read." Side by side with this comes a statement made by a traveler, a man of another church, who said that he had been about a great deal in one part of Texas and there the Free Baptists were growing, planting new churches faster than any other denomination.

How Shall I Go Up to My Father

(Gen. 44:34).

BY MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

How shall I go up to my Father,
If no one be with me that day?
Oh, how shall I stand in His presence,
And what are the words I shall
say?

A lift when the burden is heavy,
A smile and a word of good cheer,
A loving and warm invitation
Some heart is now longing to hear.

How shall I go up to my Father,
Unless I can lead by the hand
Someone who without me would
wander

Away in the enemy's land?
This world is so full of temptations,
So soon they will wander away—
Oh, let me be instant in season,
No time have I now for delay.

Some day I shall go to my Father;
What is the excuse I shall make—
Not giving the best that was in me,
Not bearing the cross for His
sake?

Then how shall I stand in His pres-
ence,

If no one be with me that day?
Oh, help me this question to ponder,
And earnestly work while I pray!

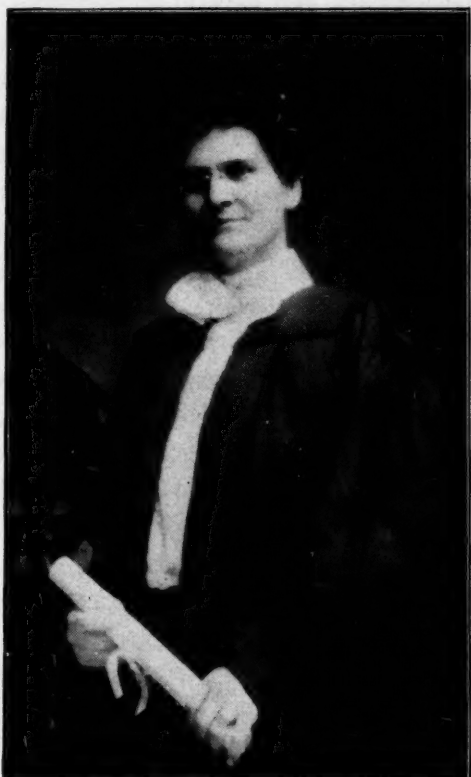
Pittsfield, Maine.

Meetings at Ocean Park

The program is full of good things beginning, July 11, with a Missionary Conference. Young People's (Interdenominational) Missionary Conference, July 26 to August 2—a gathering of the young people of New England for missionary study and inspiration. Special attention will be given to problems on the home field. Text-books, "The Church of the Open Country," and "The Redemption of the City." There will also be classes for the study of foreign topics. *Annual Meeting of the F. B. W. M. S. August 3.* Woman's Convention, August 20. Sunday School Assembly, August 21 to September 2. Between Aug. 3 and 20, Bible Institute, Children's Mission and Physical Culture classes, lectures, concerts and other entertainments.

A Day With Miss Estabrook

BY MISS CLARA M. LAW.



MISS ESTABROOK

I wonder if in your minds, as there was formerly in mine, there is a rather indefinite, vague idea of the location of the Barbados. Recalling the geography of our school days, we will remember that at the eastern end of the Caribbean Sea, well towards the sunrise, there is a chain of islands, extending from the group containing Cuba and Porto Rico to the South American coast at Trinidad, and separating the Sea from the Atlantic Ocean. These are called the Lesser Antilles and serve as a great wind break to keep out the big Atlantic, the northeast trade winds beating severely upon the windward side.

Standing alone in the Atlantic, one hundred and twenty-five miles east of this Caribbean Chain, we find the Barbados. The island is almost, if not actually, the oldest of the English colonies, and unlike the majority of the W. I. Islands, has always been in the hands of one power, the British.

As our large ocean steamship approached the shore and anchored, we were immediately surrounded by a swarm of men and boys who came out to dive for coins, most of them in slender, flimsy looking canoes and clad in "a one piece gown." Silver being tossed from the deck into the water is the signal for the disappearance of a half dozen or more copper colored bodies and their re-appearing with the coin in the possession of one who triumphantly exhibits it; then into his mouth it goes, for he certainly has no other place for it. The performance is repeated, again and

again, with the accompaniment of a continuous shouting that is almost deafening. But while we have been watching this interesting sight, our steamer's boats have been made ready and we are able to go ashore.

As we approach the landing place of the city of Bridgetown, I am aware that one of our steamer officials is pointing me out to a tall, fine appearing woman dressed entirely in white, and in a moment I am most cordially welcomed by Miss Estabrook.

Before leaving home I had had a hazy idea of the Barbados, of their location, climate, people, and a still more hazy idea of the character of the mission work, but there was nothing at all hazy about the cordial greeting I received from Miss Estabrook. As a representative, and I hope, a little on my own account, I was made most heartily welcome. The members of my family and myself were taken possession of and not allowed to escape until back on ship board! A most delightful proceeding from our point of view.

Crossing the miniature Trafalgar Square with its statue of Nelson, we entered what is styled the "Self-Help," what we would call the Women's Exchange. Here the work of the women of the island is on sale. Dainty embroideries, laces of all descriptions, fancy work showing the deft fingers of the workers, useful articles, are all exhibited. After inspection and purchase, I was taken in a carriage to the Mission Home. It was a fast little horse which took us. The streets were narrow and crowded. A little colored boy was perched on a shelf-like seat at the rear—how he hung on I do not know—but he was very quick and useful, when we stopped, in taking charge of the horse.

The Barbados is the most densely populated place in the world, outside of China. The population is about 200,000, about 16,000 of these being white. Think of this number being dependent upon some 200 square miles of land, the area of the island! It means much poverty. Sugar has been the sole production, although I understand cotton growing is being introduced. Miss Estabrook's home, standing in the midst of four acres of garden, with the tropical foliage and the vines, is a most attractive place. It is here that she gives a home to the wards whom she is educating and from which they are sent to this country, to Storer College or to other places, as opportunity offers. The property is not entirely free from debt, but interest on a mortgage is not so expensive as paying rent and it is, therefore, considered a good business prop-

osition. Living expenses are not excessive and personal needs are met from the sale of milk and eggs, and an occasional boarder.

The front of the house is not imposing, being but one story in height. It is built low on account of the hurricanes which visit the island. Walking across the piazza and passing through the broad central hallway which extends through the house, we enter at the left a large room used as an office. I immediately noticed familiar photographs: Our own Dr. Patch and Dr. Ford, our dear Mrs. J. K. Barney, Frieda Mosher, and others you would know. At the right is the large drawing room, and it has rarely been my good fortune to see such a room. Delightful because of the antique furniture. Fearing some may think the missionary extravagant, I will explain. Many of the descendants of the English who came out from home when the island was prosperous, with the decline of the price of sugar and the influence of other economic conditions, have become impoverished and have been obliged to part with their treasures. Miss Estabrook has taken advantage of these sales and, as far as able, buys and sells, using the proceeds for the missionary work. These pieces of furniture, and there are many in her home, are very fine specimens, made when precious wood was cheap and when the workmanship was "warranted."

Many pieces of porcelain and pottery pass through Miss Estabrook's hands until she has gathered for sale and exhibit a most fascinating collection.

From the home I was taken to the Chapel, which had recently been renovated. This is a well built structure in a fine location and presents a very good appearance. Here a number of the women of the church were gathered to greet me and I enjoyed the evidence of good fellowship, the earnestness of this band of women united with us in America in furthering the cause of the Kingdom.

The Ragged School was in a distant part of the city and as we drove through the busy streets, we stopped to make brief calls on some of the parish and everywhere I noticed the respect in which Miss Estabrook was held and felt sure that she had the affection of her people and the confidence of the community.

I wish I could describe that school to you, the building of wood and very unpretentious, the array of 100 or more black youngsters with bright eyes and shining faces, and all evidently much interested in the foreign lady. In the door-way the mothers, with babies in arms, who

had left their busy Saturday tasks and come to view a Free Baptist representative.

It being a holiday, the children had come by request and cheerfully recited the usual daily opening exercises of the school. This consisted of the creed, the Ten Commandments, and prayer, closing with the singing of a hymn. Then as a compliment to the visitor, one of our own American National airs was sung and the lusty singing could not have been excelled in any school in our United States. I was very happy to congratulate the children and to speak a word of cheer. In this school is but one teacher. A very pressing need is an assistant. Who will pay the \$2 per month for this very urgent call?

I did not have time to visit the other school or the parishes in the distant parts of the island, but I saw and heard enough of the work to know that it is entirely worthy of support in a field of tremendous need. The courage of Miss Estabrook in facing large problems, her large heartedness which includes all within her reach and many whom some would feel are beyond her reach, her deep consecration and splendid vision, make her an invaluable factor in this responsible field.

Of the delightful day I can give but a glimpse. The dainty lunch at the "Self Help" with the delicious flying fish, the fruit salad, the sour sop sherbet. The auto ride, given through the kindness of a friend, along the dazzling white coral country roads, with the beauty of the luxuriant golden green of the sugar canes, the quaint, picturesque Dutch wind mills, the deep blue of the southern ocean, the gorgeous blossoms of the tropical plants and, towering above all, that most magnificent of trees, the Royal Palm, closing the day with an English "Tea," to which was added guava ice cream. Then our ship's boat, and we left with regret that a longer stay was not possible, but with a delightful memory that will come again and again of that far away island beneath the Southern Cross.

Providence, R. I.

Years come to us in days, and the day's burden is always bearable.
—Garrett.

Faith is never opposed to reason in the New Testament; it is opposed to sight.—Henry Drummond.

On the Way Home

(Miss Coombs writes of her homeward voyage, with Dr. Mary Bacheler, and gives a glimpse of a W. C. T. U. Council Meeting in Glasgow.)

On February 20th, Dr. Mary and I left Midnapore, waving good-bye from the car windows to a score or so of teachers and friends who had come to see us off and were calling out, "Namaskar," with shaky voices and watery eyes. Several went on with us to Khargpur Junction where we were to take the Bombay Mail, and from there we had another send off, for the missionaries and several of the W. C. T. U. women had come to say good-bye. This was Wednesday afternoon and we reached Bombay Friday morning and took a room at the Y. W. C. A. building. This left us plenty of time to do the last errands before sailing, Saturday afternoon, the 24th, and we needed it, for neither of us could hurry—Dr. Mary with her crippled knee and I with an uncertain head. The steamer was well-nigh full and we were delighted to find that our cabin mates—a four-berthed cabin—were to be the wife and daughter of Bishop Warne whom we had known in Calcutta.

The steamer—"Elyoia" of the Anchor Line—was new and clean and steady, and with the exception of a couple of cold and stormy days in the Red Sea, we had a very pleasant voyage to Marseilles, where we arrived March 12th.

There the majority of the passengers left us to go overland, and we felt quite lonely, for the Bishop had hurried to be at some Conference in America and Mrs. and Miss Warne were to spend a month in Paris till it should be warmer at home, and so the "Missionary Corner" on deck was deserted. We stopped four days in Marseilles, unloading and taking in cargo, but neither of us was in a condition to venture on sight-seeing so, with the exception of a few hours, we remained on board all the time. We left Sunday morning (17th) and reached Liverpool the 24th, Sunday evening, having had it stormy and disagreeable after coming into the Atlantic. Here we found a quantity of letters waiting for us and among them one from Miss Scott, who used to be one of our missionaries in Balasore and to whom I had written saying we might visit her in her home in Scotland while we should be waiting in Glasgow for our Atlantic steamer. She wrote that the Annual Council Meetings of the W. C. T. U. were to be held in Glasgow during that week and she

would be there, and had arranged for us to be entertained as Fraternal Delegates from India and sent us the address of our hostess. This was a happy surprise and we were glad enough to be welcomed with true Scottish hospitality in a cosy little home, after the railway journey from Liverpool to Glasgow.

Those meetings of the Council were a revelation and an inspiration! The large company of women gathered, in itself was an object lesson of the army enlisted against Alcohol, for there were about 700 delegates representing Unions and Branches of thousands more. These were all from Scotland alone and I was very glad of this opportunity to thank just such a company, in response to my introduction, for sending to us in India a National Organizer—Miss Lochhead—who has been working there for the last two and a half years in the interests of the W. C. T. U., paid by the women of Scotland. Their reports, papers, resolutions and discussions showed a wide-awake, up-to-date, aggressive and successful, body of women.

We sailed from Glasgow on the "Columbia," of the same line, (as we had a through ticket from Bombay to New York) March 30th, and reached New York April 7th, Easter. We had another happy surprise in finding our former cabin-mates were to be our fellow passengers again. They had found Paris so cold and stormy, they concluded America could not be much worse. The voyage across the Atlantic was stormy, rough and bitterly cold, and we thought we were having a hard time, but when we heard of the appalling wreck of the "Titanic," we knew we had been very comfortable and had much to thank God for. Friends met us in New York and gave us a cordial welcome. Dr. Mary was much the same as when we left India, but I was so much benefited I thought I was permanently well.

Since that, however, I have found that I was not as strong as I had hoped, and a return of the old symptoms has made it necessary to decline the invitations to speak at several Thank Offering Meetings. for which I am very sorry.

I am looking forward to the breath of the Pines and the healing of the waves at Ocean Park, this summer.

L. C. COOMBS.

West Bowdoin, Maine, May 13, 1912.

Two Calls, With a Difference

BY NELLIE SCHOYER LOCKARD.

I guess every one in Royal Villas knows about Samuella Evans and how she took her mother's place as delegate to the Branch meeting at Pittsburgh; but they don't know what happened after she came back! You see, she never got home till the very day of the regular meeting of the Missionary Society of our church, and she had written to every girl in our set to be sure to come out for she had the *best things to tell*.

You may be sure we girls all made up our minds to go, for Sam always made fun of everything and we thought we'd have a regular "lark"—and we did, but not the kind we expected! When we first talked about going to the missionary meeting some of the girls said it would be simply horrid, and besides, nobody ever thought of attending who wasn't an old married woman or a perfect Methuselah, like Miss Carson, the secretary. She must be thirty-five if she's a day! Why, every girl of us had gone to school to her; the good ones adored her but we others were just a little afraid of her for she was frightfully sarcastic!

Well, we went, anyway, and sat in a row like so many stuffed owls! All the ladies were very glad to see us and made a great fuss, and they were our mothers and their dearest friends, people we'd known before we were born, too, but I know I felt like a mummy, as if I could not move or speak, and all the girls said they felt *exactly* the same way! Isn't it a funny thing we can talk about anything on earth, whether we know about it or not, to a whole roomful of people, except at a religious meeting or about being Christians and that sort of thing; then—well, oysters are talkative in comparison!

Pretty soon in came Miss Carson, and as soon as she saw us she threw up her hands and exclaimed, "You blessed young things! I am so glad to see *you* here, I feel like hugging every one of you!" And she gave us such a hearty handshake, and seemed so really pleased, just naturally delighted, you know, without stilts like the rest, that we felt a little more limber! Then when Mrs. Evans and Samuella came she just flew at us and kissed us (I mean Sam, not Mrs. Evans!) and talked and laughed just as if we'd been alone with no grown people there.

Well, they started the meeting and we could hardly wait for Samuella's report. At last the president said, as stiff as a ramrod, "Now we will hear from our delegate to the Branch Meeting, Miss Samuella

Evans." I had to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from laughing out loud, for she's always known Sam and has given her many a good spanking, too!

Then Sam got up and began, and we all leaned forward and got ready for a good laugh but that was the time we were fooled! She said she had not intended going often to the meeting but a talk she'd had with a friend she made on the train (Sam is always making friends with the craziest kind of folks imaginable) showed her she ought to be there whenever she could, so the very *first* day she went to the big church, where the meeting was held. Jessie Carmichael, the girl she was visiting, wouldn't go with her *once!* I do think it's awful mean not to help a friend who is in trouble, as Sam was. So she went in all alone and just as she entered the door a lady was reading from the Bible and these were the words she read: "Will a man rob God?" Sam said she felt as if the reader meant her, for the same person who had made her think she must go to all the sessions had talked to her about robbing God. She sat down in the first seat she came to, she said, and just shut her eyes and prayed:

"Oh, Lord, I'm going to begin to pay You back this minute with my whole life, if only You'll forgive me for robbing you so long." Then she opened them quick, for it seemed as if a bright light was shining around her and she felt she must shout or do something. Just then some one began to sing, "Where He leads me I will follow," and she joined in and it was a good thing, for she'd surely have *exploded* if she could not have sung!

Then she commenced to cry! (I never saw Sammie Evans cry in my life, and I've always been her most intimate friend. I've seen her simply fighting mad and sorry, too, sometimes, but when the rest of us would cry she'd either laugh or try to help.) Well, she said she was sitting there crying like a baby when somebody took her hand in a firm, warm, yet gentle grasp and held on to it. (My! but there's a difference in the way people shake hands. Some folks do it just like a fish! Of course I know fishes don't shake hands, but you understand exactly what I mean), and a voice whispered in her ear, "Praise the Lord! the King has come into His own at last," and there right beside her was the old lady she had met on the train the day before. Mrs. Martin was her name. Samuella said she looked *just* like an angel, but I've seen her since and she's only a sweet, pretty, old lady who loves God better than most of us do!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



Good News From India

(EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS FROM MRS. BURKHOLDER.)

The last remittance for the Midnapore Book-Room has come and the building is nearly finished. Mr. Wyman is pushing the work as fast as possible and intends to have it done before he leaves. It stands in *the place of places* close to the Government College and other schools. It is the spot Mr. Stiles selected years ago, but there was no money, at that time, to build. It was marked on a plot of the town as "reserved for the Mission," but as it was not occupied by us, after a time it was sold to the Raja, and now cost us three times as much as it would have

then! It is simply wonderful what Mother's money has done and is doing here. Her Book-Room in Balasore, too, is finished except the doors. I hope each of these Book-Rooms can have \$100 more to supply them with books and furniture.

The Midnapore chapel is being enlarged. Most, if not all, of the members have pledged a month's salary. The Mission adds 2 rupees for every 1 rupee given by the church.

If I could only see you I should have much to tell you of the changes both here and in Balasore. Our people are growing and are on much higher ground than they were years ago. Brother Sachi, noble man that he is, is carrying a heavy load. He is pastor of this church, has charge of the preachers here and oversight of several out-stations. How much more, I don't know. We are now arranging to delegate some of his work, after the plan of Jethro for Moses. We certainly have some strong native helpers who can be depended upon to carry responsibilities. Mr. Wyman leaves in March and Dr. Kennan takes over charge at Midnapore until Mr. Murphy returns, but he is 20 miles away! Oh, we do need more men *so much!* *When are they to come?*

Last Sunday I took Vina's little Santal Sunday School in a village near by. Had about 20 children and quite a company of grown-ups. It is really remarkable how well some of these children have learned to sing Christian hymns, repeat the abbreviated Ten Commandments, the Lord's prayer and parts of the Catechism. Most of them comb their hair before coming. Two or three came with no other clothing than their rich seal-brown "birthday suits," but they sat quietly and listened to the stories I told them. Oh, there is a lot of downright pleasure in working among these children!

In spite of the fact that we are so short of workers, we are spreading out. Dr. Ward wanted to open a new Station and, I think, has sent money for it. Mr. Wyman and Sachi have taken one-third of an acre at Contai Road and, I believe, are to put up a house for a native preacher. Our people are certainly growing!

Midnapore, India.

"It's the little every-day helpfulnesses that make every day heavenly."

The Santipore Mela

BY REV. HAROLD I. FROST.

There has been another *mela* at Santipore, it having been held February 27 to March 3, to coincide with the time of full moon, giving brilliant nights. During the time of the mela there was a meeting of the India Committee at Santipore, so that all but four of the missionaries were present for a part of the time. The Balasore Quarterly Meeting was also held in conjunction with the mela, thus helping to increase the number of Christians present.

The features of the mela, at least such they seemed to the new missionaries, were several. One was the interesting sensation of being awakened at half past four in the morning by the musicians hired for the occasion. There were five or six men who played the native pipes, i. e., pieces of hollow bamboo about the size of a flute, but without paint or metal trimmings. The soloist's pipe was a little more elaborate and had some metal parts. He played the air, but apparently, lest he should get all the praise, he would play but a few notes alone when the others would join in on the minor scale. The trouble with the music is that you are all the time expectantly awaiting a change of tune which does not come. There were also several Santal drums which helped to swell the volume of sound. The band kept at it most faithfully. The second day the music was stopped a part of the time out of deference to the nerves of some of the "memsahibs."

Another feature was the singing of a Christian hymn by a group of Hindus from a nearby village in which there is one of our Sunday Schools. This occurred on Friday evening when our preachers had been making music with a violin, cymbals, drums and their own voices. As the company sat on the straw and canvas, under a big canopy near the church, the Hindu group took their places and did their part. It seemed significant. Hindus singing Christian hymns!

At several different times the crowd gathered to watch the stick dance, performed by several young men who, to the music of a drum and their own voices, go through an exercise of dancing around and all striking together pieces of bamboo which they hold in their hands. The sports on Friday afternoon also caused a good deal of merriment.

That afternoon there was a distribution of presents to the 140 or more children from the twelve or fifteen schools around Santipore which

are aided in whole or in part by our mission. Each school was brought up in turn. The three standing highest in each school were given a special prize, but all received something, a toy, a school bag, a pencil or something else. After all had received their gifts they said their "namascar" (thank you) in concert.

A feature not to be overlooked was the celebration of Miss Butts' birthday anniversary on Feb. 29th.

The mela was successfully carried through under the leadership of Rev. Ganga C. Rath and his helpers. The attendance was larger than last year. At the closing meeting on Sunday evening, when the church was crowded and people were falling out of the windows, all voted for having another mela next year. There were probably seven or eight hundred people present some of the time. Our Christian people came from Midnapore, Balasore, Busta, Chandbali, and other places. But there were many non-Christians, both Santals and Hindus, who came, some of them considerable distances. There was singing and preaching for them in the open every day, besides the meetings in the church. They saw the Christians having a good time, and yet not debauching themselves with drink and in worse ways, as the Hindus do at their festivals. It means a great deal when so much of our work is going to them, to have the Hindus come to us to hear the Gospel message.

Khargpur, India.

Letter From Mrs. Hamlen

Dear Mrs. Whitcomb:—It was here, or three miles to the Northwest, that two families were baptized in September. They are growing Christians. In early January a man was baptized—not in his own village, but in the village of one of these families. After a day or two his folks called him home and tried to make him state that he was not baptized, and put the beads on him which his caste, and many other Hindus, wear. The next morning he had taken them off, saying to us, "Thread is easily broken." When his people say much he replies, "You invited me home when I was willing to stay away, but now I have come, treat me politely, please"; and they do. Of course he eats separately, but it is the same food. I hear from Hindu neighbors that his brothers will soon come. Pray for them. They are cousins of one of the first women baptized. One of those first baptized was this woman's son, a nice boy, ten

or twelve years old. He goes to school but not to one of our schools. The sub-inspector of all the schools in this section visited the school last week. He said that this boy's home could easily be burned, then that Christian family would leave the village.

When he found out that this boy belonged to the Christian family, he asked when he was baptized, how much beef he had to eat, (Hindus don't eat beef except on the sly) etc. Of course he did not eat any.

A villager came to this same family, slyly, for his caste people forbid it, to hear a Christian pray and ask if it was true that they had to eat beef. Just now one of our good Balasore women is out there starting a school. She happens to be a vegetarian, so she told him, "Though I was born in a Christian home, I have never eaten meat of any kind and we are never obliged to. We can eat what we wish. True religion is not in what we eat or drink." Last night a man, honestly, too, I think, asked me how much money we received for every person baptized! I answered him that we did not work for money. Hard, so hard for one to break the fetters of Hinduism, but this morning I was called into a village, which I have visited before, and was quietly told that there were several who were almost persuaded. In the three weeks work around here I have seen signs, nearly every day, that the harvest is white. Many are reading the Bible or a gospel. This morning a Santul told me he had a gospel and was reading it.

The last three Sundays we have had meetings in the two villages, where there are Christian families. Even if it makes a walk of seven miles, it gives us much joy to know how they are growing. How the Christians like to sing! They learn a number of hymns and, as they can read, learn rapidly.

Pray for these new Christians and also for their heathen neighbors; especially those who persecute and try to hinder them from doing right. The mother of one of the new converts told me if her son came to her home she would beat him. Poor woman, my prayer is that she may find the same precious Saviour her son has found.

ELMIRA J. HAMLEN.

Basta, India.

Of every six infants in the world, one is born in India; of every six orphan girls, one is wandering in India; of every six widows, one is mourning in India.—*Woman's Work.*

Mrs. Frost in "Mofussil"

Dear HELPER Readers:—I want to tell you about my first day in Mofussil (country) with Miss Barnes and Miss Coe. Miss Coe said she would so enjoy taking me out in Mofussil work for my first time, so I went. They had the ten miles between Jellasore and Dantoon for their "parish." Their parsonage was a tent which they moved occasionally. Miss Barnes met me at the station and then busied herself for several minutes giving out tracts to the people who reached out of the car windows to receive them. We then walked about half a mile to where they had three tents, one for the cook and the "gharry walla" (driver), one for the four native Bible women and one for themselves. They were under a large, spreading, banyan tree, near a village. Wherever you see a clump of trees across the rice fields, you may expect to find a native village consisting of from four or five houses to fifty or a hundred. Each village has its tank, or artificial pond used for bath tub, dish pan, well, etc. It is often surrounded by palms or plantain trees and the surface is sometimes covered with lily pads, making a truly beautiful bit of scenery, especially when you see the sunset reflected so perfectly in one as I did.

Now I'll go back to the tent. I sat down and natives crowded about the door and looked at me, the new curiosity. They asked Miss Barnes, "What is she to you?" for they think that people living together like that must surely be relatives. I tried to talk Oriya to some boys about fourteen years old. Then I exchanged some English words for various objects, for their Oriya words. I had a white stone on the table and, pointing to it, asked what it was. The boy gave me the word for candy or "sweets," as the English say. I said in Oriya, "Eat it." Then, seeing it was a stone, he comprehended the fun and laughed.

In the afternoon, when it began to get cool, we started out, Miss Coe, Rutne, their best Bible woman, and I going in one direction; Miss Barnes and another Bible woman, in another direction, and the other two Bible women together. We went across a rice field to a small village and sat down by the door of the first house, either on a mat or bamboo stools which were offered us. Miss Coe and Rutne sang a hymn and then Rutne, showing a leaf from a picture roll, with a picture of Jesus healing a blind man, told the whole gospel story. Meanwhile about thirty natives from the three or four houses of the village had gathered.

There were two men, about fourteen women and fourteen children. They listened very closely, especially intent was one mother, with a babe in her arms, who squatted down nearest us. The people here, as in nearly every village, inquired most eagerly about "Dr. Nellie" Phillips, and it has been nearly twenty years since she worked among them. They remembered her and told how much she helped them.

We went from here to another small village and then to the tents. In the evening, men and boys gathered about the tent door. We sat inside and they were the audience just outside. They listened so attentively, some with such radiant faces (you could almost see them catch the light) to the songs and Gospel stories. Rutne stood up and with a picture roll in her hand she went through it from beginning to end, never tiring.

In the morning, a little boy said his mother was calling us, so we went to his home before I started to catch my train. A lot of people, especially daughters-in-law, gathered to listen. Rutne compared heaven to their own father's house where they are glad to go if ill-treated in their husband's home. Two little girls,—I think they were married—smiled at me all the time, and afterward they ran home and came back with some pieces of cinnamon for me which I later slipped into the envelope of my home letter.

Some of you, Dear People, come to India, and, if it be my privilege, I shall enjoy taking you for the first time into "Mofussil."

Most sincerely,

MABEL S. FROST.

Khargpur, India, March 6, 1912.

Treasurer's Notes

The month of April has been one of work of a new kind for your Treasurer, most of the time being spent by the sea, about forty miles from Newark, resting.

The correspondence with the workers has been limited, though enough for me to keep in touch with general movements. I rejoice that the forces today, our President, Assistant Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary, especially, are qualified and willing to carry the work when older workers are obliged to rest.

These notes are necessarily brief, as part of my rest is to do only the

necessary things, and my correspondence seems to be enough to keep me from rusting!

I have had some very comforting letters in these days, and it is sweet to know my friends are praying for health and vigor of mind and body that God is able to give. His providential guidance during the month has been very marked, and everything points to renewed vigor of a healthier spiritual type, I hope, so that service for others will not be abated. Let us unitedly pray that all the hard experiences of our lives may be a means of growth into the larger life of love for everybody. This is one of the ruling desires of your treasurer just now.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE.

Assistant Treasurer's Notes

The good work goes on,—that of measuring up, in giving, to last year's corresponding month.

The King's Daughters' Sewing Band of Hollis River Road, and Mrs. Harmon of South Berwick, Maine, send Thank Offerings.

Portland's Auxiliary, individual and Sunday School gifts include those for orphans, colporteur, Miss Barnes' salary, HELPER share and Miss Coombs' salary, one being a gift "In Memoriam." Saco, Cutts Ave. Auxiliary, sends yearly amount for Belle D. Thompson Memorial School; amount for support of "Hubert"—boy sent from Barbados to Storer College by Miss Esterbrook; and Mrs. Newcomer's request in the March HELPER for oil stove for Domestic Science department, at Storer, is met by gifts from the Misses Cornforth of Saco, and the Saco Auxiliary.

Orphans, "Neparti" and "Jarlow" have amounts given for their support by the West Bowdoin Auxiliary, and Mrs. Gower and Mrs. Purinton.

Mrs. Pinkham of Alton remembers the famine fund; Ellen F. and Dorothy Pease each send share in Miss Barnes' salary; Pittsfield School at Balasore, Miss Butts, native teacher and Sarala are other objects for which gifts are sent by the various New Hampshire auxiliaries.

Sutton, Sheffield First Church, South Strafford and West Charleston churches, join in support of Kindergarten work at Balasore.

Haverhill Auxiliary sends its yearly gift to Girls' Day School at Balasore and Dea. Page's Girls take share in Miss Barnes' salary, while Mrs. Dodge of Wilmington sends for Hindu Boys' School at Midnapore.

There is satisfaction in giving toward the educational work of the various schools, for by so doing one has a permanent and unchanging object of support.

Auxiliaries, Sunday School classes, Advanced and All Around Light Bearers of Rhode Island share in the work, both home and foreign.

"All Around Light Bearers" is a name suggestive of the best type of service.

An Easter offering comes from Mrs. Agnes Powers of New York, for Foreign Missions, and an amount for the support of native teacher from Gibson Q. M.

Uniontown, Ill., Baptist Missionary Society sends annual dues.

Besides the usual gifts for Dr. Bacheler, Home Missions and Storer, from the various Michigan Auxiliaries, there are those from Mrs. E. W. Clement and family for orphan, and Sunday School class of Mrs. Isabelle Bush for Miss Barnes.

Huntley, Minnesota, Auxiliary sends an amount on apportionment; Hennepin and St. Croix Asso. W. M. S. contribute for Foreign Missions; Winnebago Q. M. for General Work; and Winnebago Auxiliary divides its gift equally between Home and Foreign Missions.

The yearly support of an orphan is sent by an Edgewood, Iowa, "Friend" and Frances Rhines of Lamont makes gift for F. M.

The bequest of an East Killingsly friend and co-worker, who has passed on to her reward, will be credited in next month's receipts.

United Study for 1912-1913

The interdenominational study book for the coming year, "China's New Day," by Isaac Taylor Headland, D. D., is now ready.

It is most important while China is claiming the attention of the world that all should study the development of the New China. We are very glad to offer as our study book this year this most interesting volume by Dr. Headland, well known as missionary and author, whose long residence in Peking enables him to give many graphic details which have not been generally known.

The chapter headings are as follows:—China's Break with the Past, The Chinese Woman, The Educational Revolution, The Chinese Church, Medical Work in China, The Printed Page. We heartily recommend this text-book to all study classes of women and young people. It will also be valuable for the missionary meetings of the church; 24 illustrations.

Price: Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents. A discount of five cents per copy will be allowed when ten or more copies are ordered at one time, if purchaser will pay express or postage.

FOR JUNIORS: The Book for 1912-1913 is "The Young China Hunters," by Isaac Taylor Headland, D. D.

Those who have been charmed with Dr. Headland's previous volumes, *The Chinese Boy and Girl*, and *Chinese Mother Goose*, will hasten to secure a copy of the Junior Book. The lessons are presented dramatically. A group of children go to China with a teacher, Miss Hunter, and are there introduced to the Geography and History of China; Nurseries where Little People Live; Home Life; Play-grounds of China; Schools; Work Done by the Chinese; Worship of China under the influence of Confucianism.

In paper covers, 20 cents; in board covers, with twelve illustrations, 50 cents.

HOW TO USE—The usual pamphlet of suggestion and direction to accompany the text-book will be prepared by Mrs. Montgomery. Price 10 cents. It is expected to be ready soon after Sept. 1. Send orders to Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Maine.

In Memoriam

Gone Home

Oh words of restful meaning!
Beyond the billows foam
The loved for me are waiting,
Not lost but just "gone home."
Gone where no feet are weary,
Climbing the hills of pain,
Gone where no shadows dreary
Gather o'er heart and brain.

Gone where their hopes will brighten
To joys more bright than they,
Gone where the stars of morning
In sunlight melt away,
Gone where their eager spirits
Drink deep from wells of truth,
Gone where immortal beauty
Blends with eternal youth.

"Gone home" to higher service,
Earth's richest gain is loss,
Compared to such an honor
Its finest gold is dross.
"Gone home" to bliss eternal.
Then why should I repine?
A little more of service,—
Their joy will then be mine.

—Mrs. Mary B. Wingate.

Mrs. Marietta Paine, East Killingly, Conn., July 3, 1910.

Mrs. M. C. Miner, Gardiner, Maine, April 18, 1912.

NOTE—When a member of an Auxiliary passes on, it is fitting that the name, place of residence and date of death should appear under "In Memoriam." Resolutions and obituaries are not printed in *THE HELPER*.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"If there is one thing more than another on which missionary interest depends, and for which missionary activity must wait, it is missionary intelligence. Missionary reading means missions succeeding."

❖ ❖

Topics for 1911-12

September—	Missionary Campaign Meeting.
October—	Christianity and Non-Christian Religions:
	1 Hinduism.
November—	2 Buddhism.
December—	Our Foreign Field.
January—	3 Animism, Confucianism, Taoism.
February—	Prayer and Praise.
March—	Home Missions.
April—	4, 5 Mohammedanism; Asia's Opinion.
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	6 Christ the Only Light of the World.
July—	Missionary Field Day.

JULY.—MISSIONARY FIELD DAY.

This has been adopted by some auxiliaries as Daughters' Day—the entire program being carried out by young women. They will probably have very effective ideas of their own, but if an outline is desired, here it is:

Suggestive Program

SINGING.—"Jubilee Hymn." (See June, 1911, HELPER, page 183.)

SCRIPTURE READING.—Eph. 3:14—21, by the auxiliary President, followed by repetition of the Fruits of the Spirit, in concert.

PRAYER for Our Girls, at home and abroad.

READING.—"A Creed:"

I believe in girls; in the women of a great tomorrow, and that whatsoever the girl soweth the woman shall reap.

I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the dignity of learning, and the joy of serving others.

I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of printed books; in lessons taught not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely.

I believe in beauty in the home, in the class room, in the work room, and in the influence of God's great out of doors.

I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all distant hopes that lure us on.

I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its obligations, and in the divine joy of living, here and hereafter.

[Revision of Edwin Osgood Grover's "Teachers' Creed" adapted to apply to girls.]

SINGING.

(The President now passes the program to a young woman leader.)

READING.—"Two Calls With a Difference," or any other of the charming "Samuella" stories, either of which can be obtained, in leaflet form, for 3 cents, of Mrs. Chapman.

GLIMPSES OF OUR GIRLS IN INDIA.—Brief stories of the life and work and environment of Miss Coe, Miss Gowen, Mrs. Frost, Miss Doe. (Leaflets about Miss Gowen and Miss Coe can be obtained of Mrs. Chapman for postage. Sketch of Miss Schermerhorn (Mrs. Frost), May, 1911 HELPER; Miss Doe, January, 1912. Refer also to April, 1911, page 113; December, '11; page 374; March, '12, page 80; April, '12, article on Khargpur, the home of Rev. and Mrs. Frost; page 124, the new home of Miss Doe; and letter in this number from Mrs. Frost.

ROSE DRILL (or any other flower) by young girls. (See Junior department of HELPER, May, '12.)

SINGING.

The President, with hearty thanks to the "daughters," concludes the program with a very brief statement about the fruits of the year's campaign in regard to getting new auxiliary members and new subscribers to the HELPER; urges the necessity of continued activity and enthusiasm along these lines, and introduces the text-book for the coming year, "China's New Day," which is written in a very attractive style and is a most fitting study for the present time and conditions.

SOCIAL.

All one's life is music, if one touch the notes correctly and in time.
—*Ruskin*.

"Our Lord has written the promise of the Resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in spring time."

THE MISSIONARY HELPER BRANCH
OF THE
International Sunshine Society

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears

Pass it on.

All letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page or sunshine work should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 593 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.



Mrs. Jennie C. Tobey has renewed her subscription to the MISSIONARY HELPER for two of our Sunshine members. This has been her annual good cheer act for the past eleven years, and it is greatly appreciated by the sisters who receive our magazine each month.

A Friend is sending her HELPER regularly to an invalid, and sends cards, money for postage and some tracts. Mrs. Lucy C. Hodgdon is also giving her HELPER to an invalid, and sends post cards for our use. Miss Mary E. Avery gave stamped birthday cards and reading matter to be passed on. Mrs. Helen J. Clay sent for a list of "shut-ins," to whom she will send sunshine messages, and gave 50c. for our work among the "little folks." Mrs. William B. Alverson, who is interested in our children's work, sent in baby socks, mittens, stockings and pretty hair ribbons. Mrs. A. E. House sent a box of drawing cards, which has been sent on to a little cripple girl.

Miss Clara C. McEwen has interested her school children in working for others, so they collected and forwarded packages of flower seeds for poor children in the city. Mrs. R. H. Humphrey kindly sent us a picture of her baby boy, Russell Guy. We are always pleased to receive pictures of our little sunbeams. Mrs. Emeline B. Cheney, in a letter pertaining to her sunshine family, enclosed postage stamps for our Branch needs.

A Michigan member, who is an active I. S. S. worker, sent in a number of text cards, paper dolls and poems. Mrs. Eva Allen, although having had much sickness in her family, has found time to cheer and comfort others. Mrs. M. J. Jones, notwithstanding her poor health, has been able to scatter sunshine; she gave post cards. Miss Ina Pearl Wright, who has also been ill, reports being able to cheer others, and sent 50c. for a HELPER subscription. Miss Florence Prilay sent fifty assorted post cards; the second time she has given this large number of cards for our Branch use and we return hearty thanks.

Mrs. Albert A. Smith is sewing for Baby Arthur. Hardly a month passes but she sends a dainty dress or some article of clothing. She has also given a number of postage stamps.

Mrs. Weymouth Johnson reports that the "Willing Workers" are filling Sunshine boxes and bags, which carry sunshine for many a day to the sick friends who receive them. Mrs. Minnie D. Harnden reports for the Lisbon Falls I. S. S. members that they have many good deeds marked to their credit. She sent in the names of Mrs. Nellie Schultz and Mrs. Minnie Clark for enrolment. We have the name of Mrs. Caroline Archer, Route 16, Reading, Michigan, for membership. She is very ill, so do not forget to send her a card of welcome.

The following appeal comes from the President of the Southern Division of New York State, under which our Branch is organized:

Hattie is a bright little six-year-old girl of Brooklyn, N. Y., but is crippled. Four years ago she had a fall that injured her hip, and in all these years has never been able to run and play like other little girls. Sunshine has secured the best medical advice, and finds that with the proper kind of a brace and shoe she will be able to walk; but it means that \$15 must be raised to cover the actual cost. Friends whose hearts know love for little children are asked to contribute a mite toward the fund for Hattie's brace. Send your gift, no matter how small, to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 593 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Practical Christian Living

✻ ✻ ✻

OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

"Thine Own Am I"

ERNEST G. WELLESLEY-WESLEY

"Thine own am I."

All thought of self-possession I resign.

Enshrined within Thy will Thou holdest me;

My own no more. In Thee, O Lord Divine,

I hide. Within Thy peace, Thy purity,

Thou keepest me.

"Thine Own am I."

By willing self-surrender, Thine alone.

No more to sin I yield; now, safe concealed,

I rest in Thee. My heart each hour is shown

Thy deeper life, as by Thy Spirit sealed

Thou keepest me.

"Thine Own am I."

Most wondrous sweet it is each day to know

That Thou, a heart and life unworthy Thee,

Dost hold as Thine—that Thou such love dost show.

Comes doubt or fear, Thy love assureth me

Thou keepest me.

"Thine Own am I."

Though tempests roar, their rage is ever vain;

Thy hand doth guard, though earth and hell assail.

Lead Thou Thy child, by paths of joy or pain.

Thy clasp is sure and ne'er can sin prevail,

Thou keepest me.

The abiding presence of God is the heritage of every child of God. The Father never hides His face from His child. Sin hides it, and unbelief hides it, but the Father lets His love shine all the day on the faces of His children. The sun is shining day and night. Your sun shall never go down. Come and live in the presence of God.—*Andrew Murray*.

From moment to moment, and from hour to hour, the inner nature of man is to be continuously sustained with the life of God, and only as I am constantly receiving His fullness into my emptiness am I really living in the true, full, deep sense of the word, that life of eternity, which is my privilege now, and will be my glory hereafter.—*W. M. Hay Atkin*.

Words from Home Workers

"O Father, Who dost notice every man's work, enable us to regularly do our best and then rest. Help us to happily take up our own tasks. Steady our tempers. Tame our tongues. Awaken our ambition. Enthuse our smallest activities. Lead us into all our open doors of usefulness, for the Great Master's sake."

WATCHWORD FOR 1912.

An Auxiliary in Every Church; The MISSIONARY HELPER in Every Home.

MAINE.—A Notable Meeting. On February 14 the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Free Baptist church, Portland, held a charming Valentine luncheon in the vestry, the members and invited guests from South Portland, Scarboro and Ocean Park assembling at eleven o'clock for a social hour, after which the luncheon was served. The tables were decorated with white hyacinths and red hearts and were presided over by the pastor's wife, Mrs. A. W. Jefferson, and other ladies of the congregation. The afternoon was devoted to an open meeting, the program arranged by Mrs. Charles Jose, and Miss Harriet Deering, the president of the society, in the chair. There were able addresses by Mrs. N. W. Whitcomb, the editor of the MISSIONARY HELPER, and Mrs. L. V. Jordan, State President of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Societies. A very interesting report of the Jubilee meeting recently held in Portland was given by Mrs. J. A. Steward, and a letter from Miss Coombs of the India Mission was read by Mrs. Orr. The closing address was given by Mrs. Remick of South Portland, and was received with marked interest and appreciation. Variety was given to the program by the reading of a beautiful poem entitled, "A Buddhist Legend," and vocal solos delightfully rendered by Miss Beatrice Orr.—*Zion's Advocate*.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Tioga Co. Woman's Missionary Society held its February session with the Wellsboro church. The Saturday morning business meeting was opened by our president, Sister Butler. Prayer by Sister Bernanon. The meeting was full of inspiration for missions, with good reports from most of the churches. Sister Cloud read an article from the MISSIONARY HELPER, showing the necessity of keeping in touch with our work as a Woman's Missionary Society. We are much encouraged by the addition of new helpers from Germania and vicinity, who are loyal Mission Workers and give one-tenth of their income to the

Lord. They say their tithe bag is never empty. As a result, they sent over \$17.00 for missions, thus proving these words of our Lord, "Give and it shall be given unto you, pressed down and running over."

We are thankful that we can continue our dear MISSIONARY HELPER and hope that its help and cheer for Mission work will never cease. We are hoping to get some new subscribers, for it ought to be in every Christian's home so our people would know about our Field and workers. The HELPER is needed now more than ever as it is the only source of knowledge of our Woman's Missionary Society. We are very sorry to lose our *Morning Star*, but hope that its light may continue to shine through the pages of the *Watchman*.

MRS. O. A. SMITH.

Juniors



How Three Girls Helped

"Josie, Josie!" called May Donald, running as fast as her feet would carry her to catch up with her friend on the way home from school.

Josie was walking arm in arm with Marion Lewis, and they were fast getting acquainted, but she stopped short, and then dropping Marion's arm, she ran back to meet May, saying:

"Good-bye, Marion. I must go now, 'cause May's my chum, you know."

It is sort of lonesome when you are a *new* little girl and your chum lives ever so many miles away, and Marion looked wistfully back at the two friends as they locked arms and fell to talking very earnestly.

She was a wee bit homesick for a few minutes, and had to wink fast to keep back the tears, but she forgot about it when she saw chubby Bennie Lyons tugging hard at a little cart loaded with kindlings. He was such a little fellow, and the cart was so much bigger than he was that she laughed merrily as she seized the handle and said, "Here, Bennie, I'll be your horse. Here goes!"

Away they went, the little driver calling out, "Giddap!" and "Whoa!" and giggling with delight as the new horse pranced and danced, and in a few minutes drew the cart up at Bennie's gate.

The little boy, who was trying to help his mamma and yet longing for a chance to play marbles with the other boys, found his task done in half time.

"You're a dandy horse!" he said, admiringly, as Marion skipped away. "Thank you lots."

Josie and May had sat down under a big tree to talk, but they were not so busy that they did not see it all.

"Isn't she a dear?" said Josie, feeling a little ashamed that she had



JUNIORS, CENTER STRAFFORD, N. H.

deserted her new friend so suddenly. "She's always doing something for somebody—I shouldn't have thought of tugging that cart, should you?"

"No-o," replied May, slowly, as if thinking hard about something. "I say, Josie, let's get her to help us," she suggested, her face beaming with the happy thought.

"Oh, goody, let's! She knows how to do lots of things, and she is just as sweet as she can be," returned Josie.

Then they jumped up and called to Marion, who turned in surprise as she saw them running towards her, and ran to meet them, smiling. "Say, Marion," said Josie, eagerly, "we're going to make some things to go in a missionary box"—"And we want you to help," broke in May.

"Will you?" added Josie, dancing up and down in her delight when

she saw the surprise and happiness in Marion's face as she looked first at one and then at the other to see if they really meant it.

Then in her own sweet, impulsive way she threw her arms around them both in a big hug, saying: "Will I? Well, you just better believe I will, and I've got lots of nice things to work with, too, for that's what we used to do in Millville—our Sunday School class."

So three very happy girls gathered around Mrs. Donald's dining table next day, and the big box of pretty silks and ribbons, pictures and cards that Marion had brought was duly admired.

The ladies of the church were to send a box to a missionary school in India, and the girls were to have a corner of it for their gifts.

It is wonderful what lots of pretty and useful things three pairs of hands can make when their owners are really interested and the mothers are ready to make suggestions. The cards and pictures were pasted upon cambric and made into books for children; the bits of silk and ribbon made lovely little pinballs and bags and even bows, for girls are the same in India as on this side of the world; they love bright colors and pretty things.

Mrs. Donald gave them some pretty pieces of cretonne and canvas, and these were cut into squares and hemmed. A tape was sewed in one corner and a piece of white cloth stitched on where the owner's name could be written, and these were sewing cases for the girls to keep their work in. There were a dozen little china dolls, who looked very gay in their bright dresses, and would carry sunshine to as many little girls in India.

"Oh, *how* I wish I could see the children when they get these things," sighed May, as they counted up their possessions and stood admiring them.

"And hasn't it been fun?" said Marion, delightedly.

"And lots more fun 'cause you've helped, too," returned Josie, with a loving hug.

It had taken a good many afternoons and had meant the giving up of some good times out of doors; but as they watched the big box being nailed up securely for its long voyage, the girls danced and laughed for very happiness, and Josie said, eagerly:

"Let's begin on another right off; it's as much fun as Christmas."

And the others echoed, "All right, we will."—By M. Louise Ford, in *Junior Missionary Friend*.

Solution of Guessing Contest in May Number

Postoffice addresses of Missionaries:

Midnapore, Lavina C. Coombs.

Balasore, Emilie E. Barnes.

Mary W. Bachelor, M. D.

Miss Sadie Gowen.

Hatigarh, Balasore District, India, Ella M. Butts.

Look, Lest Ye Miss Him

In little faces pinched with cold and
hunger

Look, lest ye miss Him! In the
wistful eyes,

And on the mouths unfed by mother
kisses,

Marred, bruised, and stained, His
precious image lies!

And when ye find Him in the mid-
night wild,

Even in the image of an outcast child,
O, wise men, own your King!

Before this cradle bring

Your gold to raise and bless,

Your myrrh of tenderness!

For "As ye do it unto these," said He,

"Ye do it unto Me."—Selected.

The little two-year-old son of a friend takes great delight in several baby-Christ pictures, which he always explains to his friends as "Cwist when he was a little boy llke me." There are others of the youthful Christ which little Fred proceeds to tell them is "Cwist dest as I'm doin' to be when I'm bidder." Thus early is the child being wisely led to set up the Christ ideal in his mind.—*Olive Hurd Bragdon*

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for April, 1912

MAINE		RHODE ISLAND	
Brunswick, 1st F B Church, Grovestown for Miss Coombs	\$ 9 25	Arlington Aux for K W	5 00
Fort Fairfield Aux, dues	5 00	Lotto for Ind	5 00
Hollis River Road King's Daughters Sewing Band, T O	3 00	Greenville, All Around Light Bearers for Miss Barnes	4 00
Kennebunk and Kennebunkport Church for mi-sion work in India	4 50	C E, K W	10 00
Ocean Park, Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb one share in Miss Barnes sal'y	4 00	Aux, Ind	5 00
Portland Aux, In Memoriam for support of Noneballa Butts at Balasore Orphanage	25 00	Aux for K W	5 00
Miss Flora E Berry's S S Class for "Mahenty"	12 50	Pawtucket Adv Light Bearers	10 00
Mrs A W Jefferson for share Miss Barnes' sal'y	4 00	Providence, Roger Wms Aux, Ind	17 00
Miss Sawyer's S S Class, for Hemma O W Fullam, HELPER share	3 00	Do do Miss Sims	10 00
On L M Miss Katie G Nelson	1 00	Do Dept S S for Miss Barnes	4 00
Finishing pledge of \$30.00 for Miss Coombs' salary	4 64	Do S S Class No 8 for Miss Barnes	4 00
Saco, Cutts Ave Aux for support of Bella D Thompson Mem'l School	25 00	Park St Aux, Ind	10 00
For support of Hubert, the boy from Barbados at Storer, sent by Miss Esterbrook	25 00	Elmwood Ave S S, K W	25 00
For oil stove for Dom Science Dpt at Storer sent by the Misses Cornforth of Saco	10 00		
Ditto from Aux Treasury	10 00		
South Berwick, Mrs L L Harmon T O for general work	1 00		
West Bowdoin, Aux for support of Ne-parti in S O, from Mrs M E Gower and Mrs E A Purinton	10 00		
For support of Jarlow in S O from W B S S	5 00		
NEW HAMPSHIRE		NEW YORK	
Alton, Mrs M M Pinkham for Famine fund	1 00	Gibson Q M for support of native teacher	2 25
Center Stafford Aux for Miss Butts	5 00	Leonta, Mrs Agnes Powers, Easter offering for F M	2 00
Dover, H H & F M Soc'y, Wash St, toward sal'y native teacher	10 00		
Do, do for Sarala	6 25		
Franklin Aux	5 00		
Gonic Aux for Miss Butts	1 50		
Loudon Ladies' Aid	5 00		
Pittsfield Y P M S for Pittsfield School, Balasore	12 50		
Rochester, Ellen F Pease, 1 share Miss Barnes' sal'y	4 00		
Dorothy M Pease, one share Miss Barnes' sal'y	4 00		
VERMONT		ILLINOIS	
Sheffield 1st Church	3 50	Uniontown Bapt M Soc'y, annual dues	11 00
So Strafford Ch	7 00		
Sutton Ch	10 00		
West Charleston Ch	5 00		
MASSACHUSETTS		MICHIGAN	
Haverhill Aux for Girls' School at Balasore	25 00	Bankers Aux, Dr B \$1.80; H M 1.80; Sto 90c	4 50
Do, Dea Page's girls for Miss Barnes	4 00	Fairfield Aux, Dr B 2.44; H M 2.44; Sto 1.22	6 10
Wilmington, Mrs G F Dodge for Hindu Boys' School at Mid	5 00	Gobleville, Mrs E W Clement and family for orphan in India	5 00
		F B Ch, S S Class of Mrs Isabelle Bush for Miss Barnes	4 00
		Hillsdale Aux, Dr B 4.00; H M 4.00; Sto 2.00	10 00
		Jackson Aux, Dr B 3.20; H M 3.20; Sto 1.60	8 00
		No Bushnell S S for S O	66
		No Reading Aux, Dr B 6 68; H M 6.68; Sto 3.36	16 72
		No Rome Aux, Dr B 1.06; H M 1.06; Sto 53c	2 65
		Onstead Aux, Dr B 2.84; H M 2.84; Storer 1.42	7 10
		Pittsford Aux, Dr B 3 26; H M 3.26; Sto 1.63	8 15
		Q M Coll	3 23
		Reading Aux, Dr B 2.00; H M 2.00; Storer 1.00	5 00
		W Cambria, Dr B 2.00; H M 2.00; Sto 1.00	5 00
		MINNESOTA	
		Hennepin & St Croix Asso W M S for F M	4 00
		Huntley Aux on apportionment	25 00
		Winnebago Q M of the W F M S for Gen For Work	4 15
		W M S, ½ F & H M	27 71
		IOWA	
		Edgewood, A Friend for F M	20 00
		Lamont, Frances Rhines for F M	2 00
		Total Receipts for April, 1912	\$580 01
		Total Receipts for April, 1911	509 57
		LAURA A. DEMBRITTE, Treas.	
		Dover, N. H.	
		Per EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.	